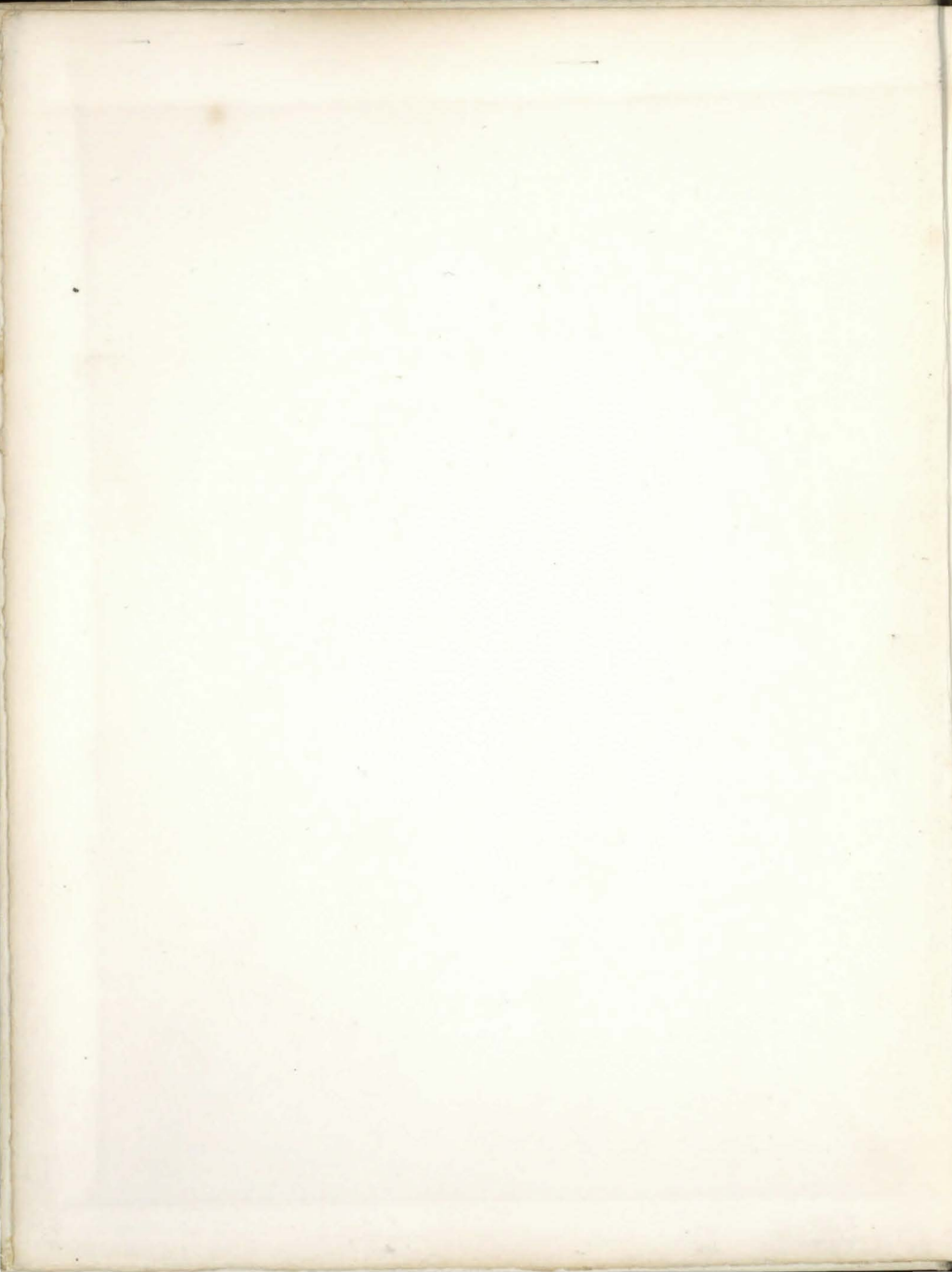
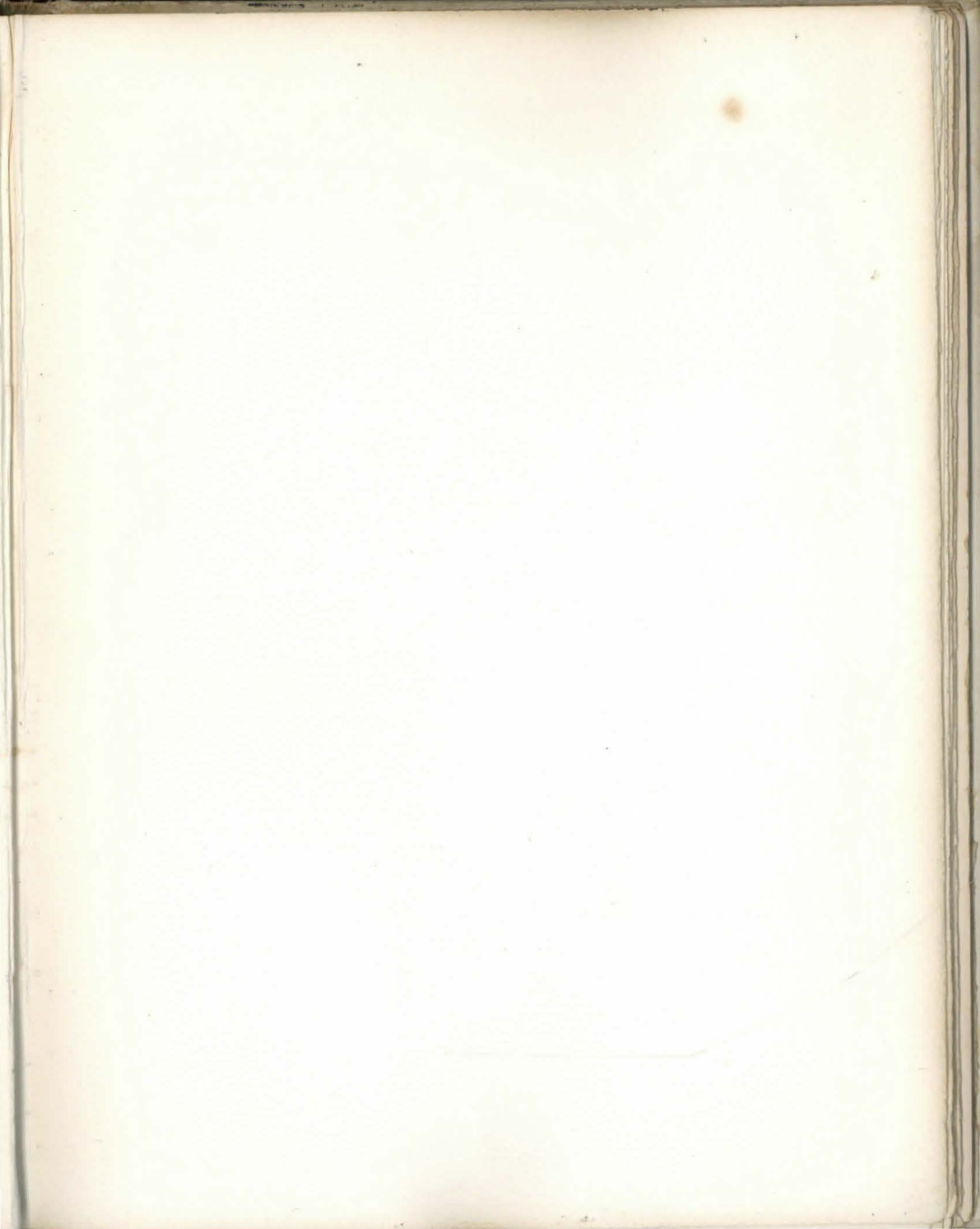
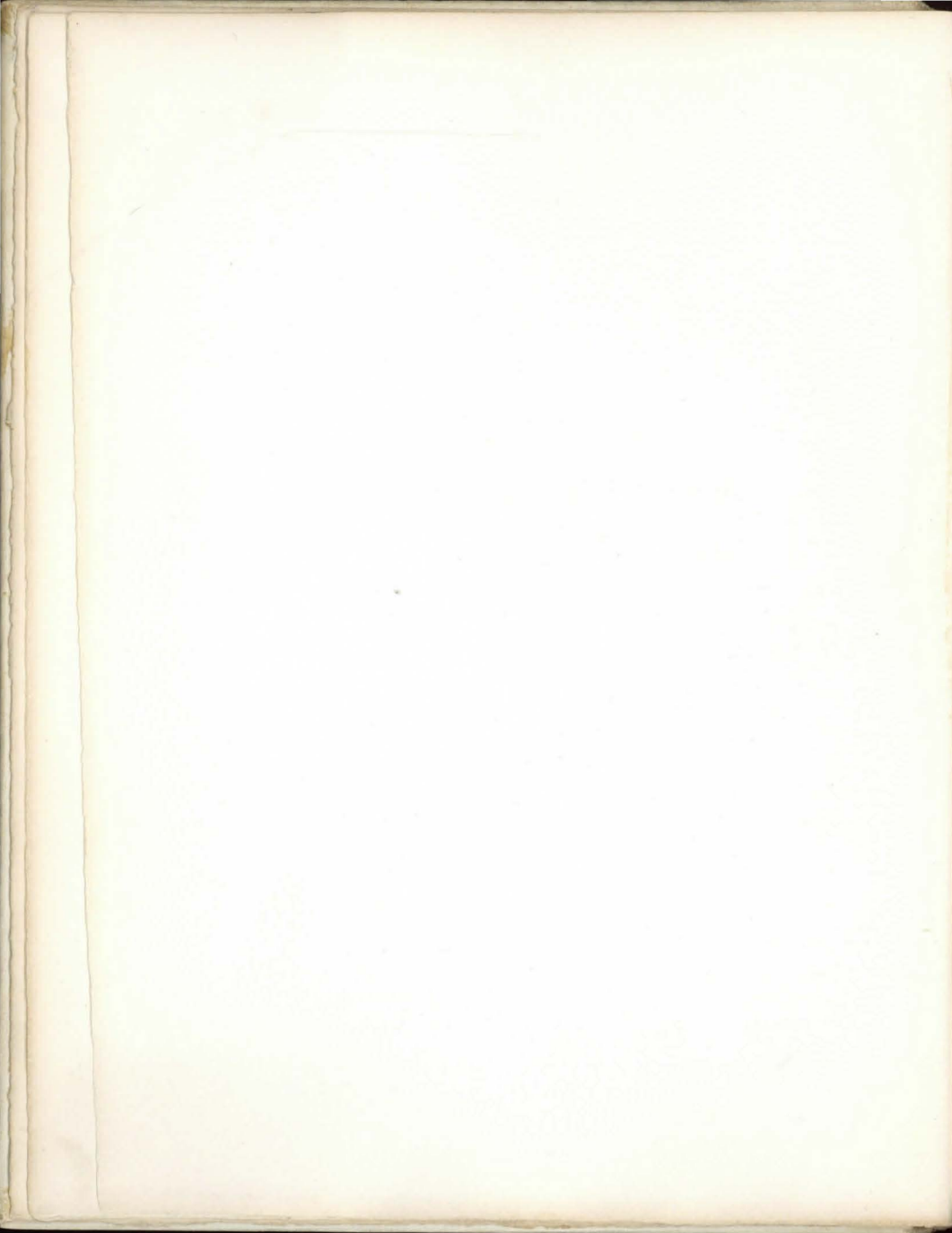


ARTHUR
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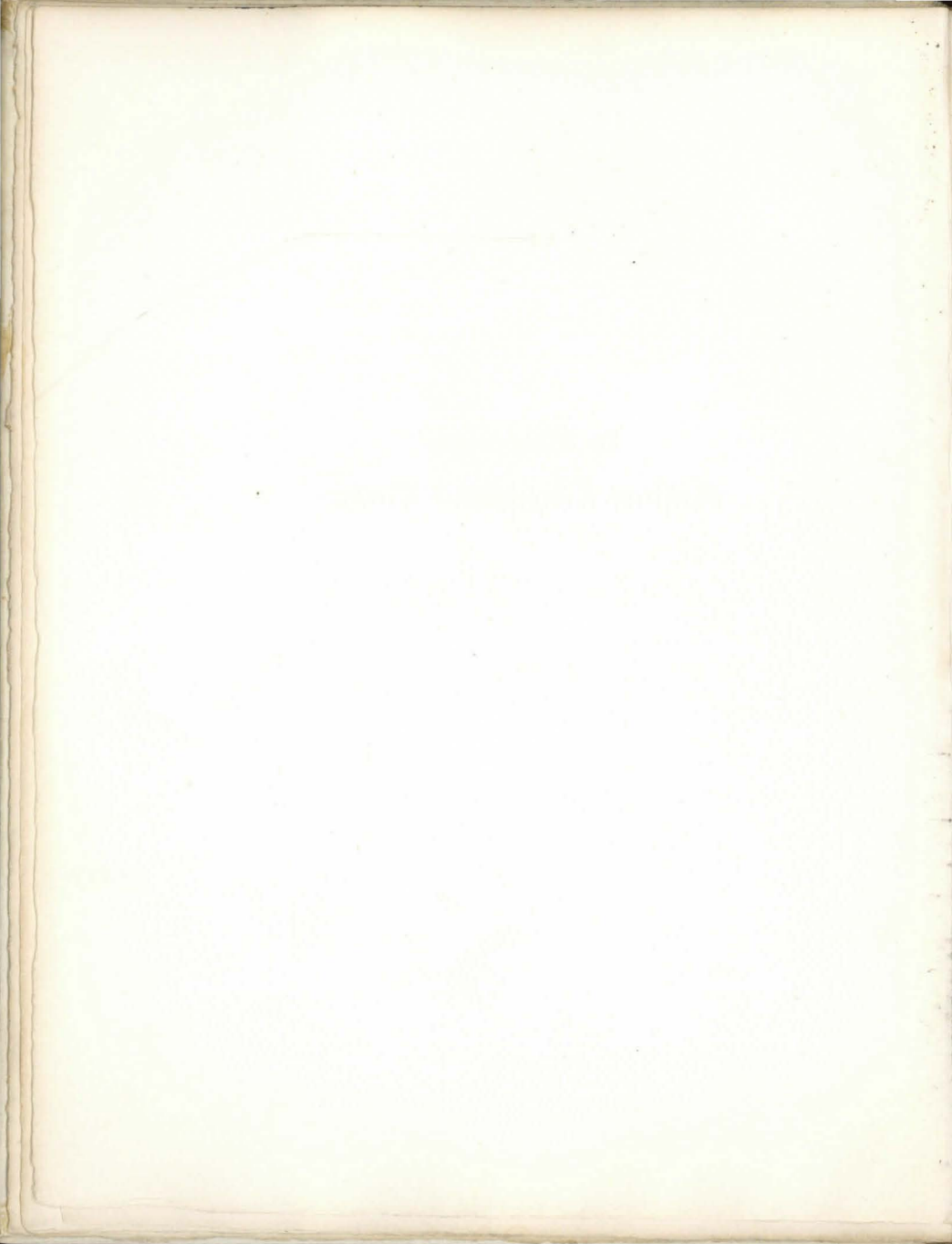
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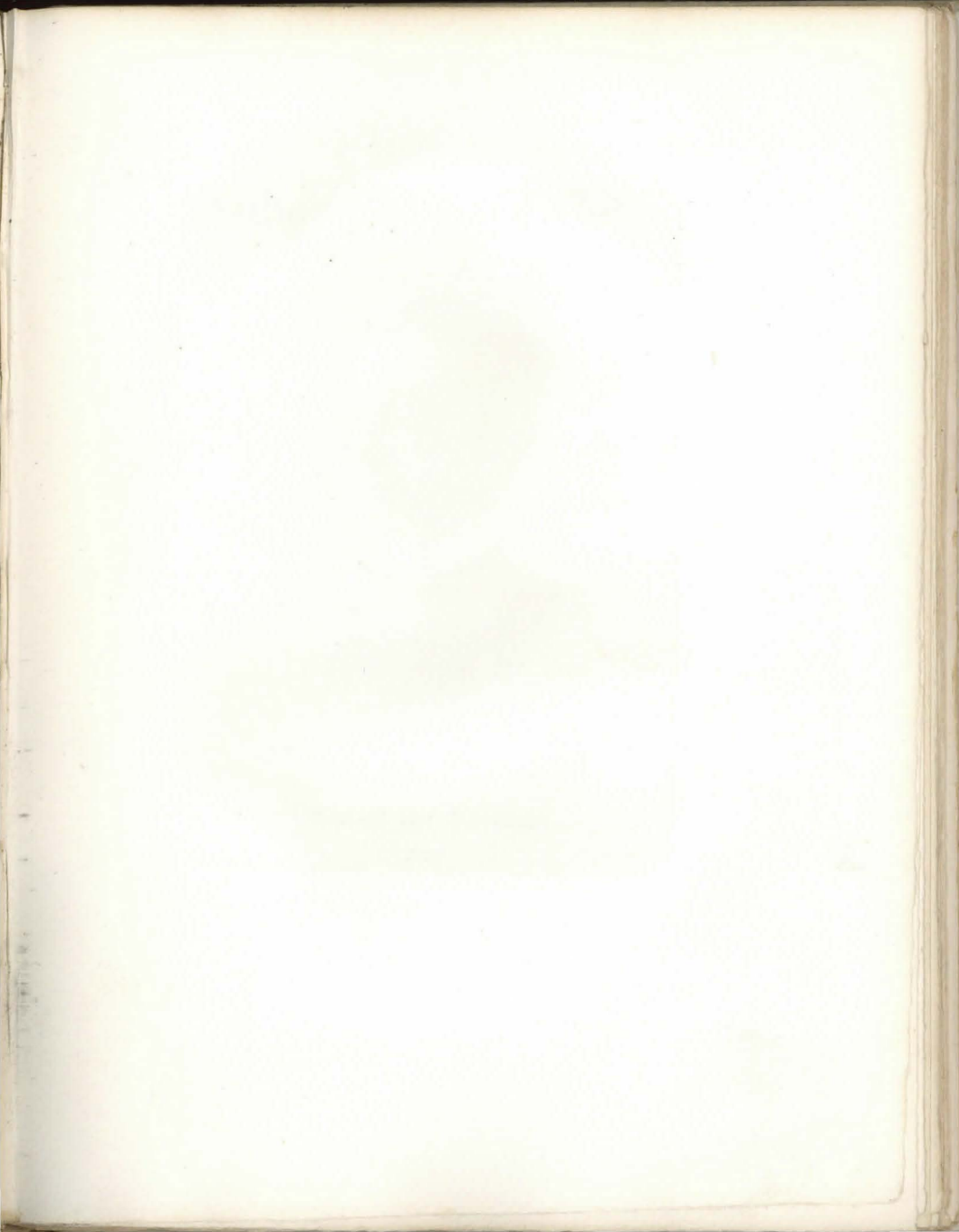


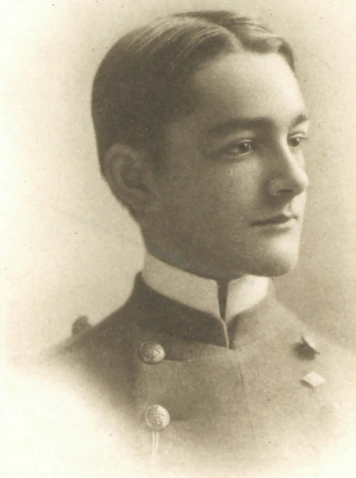




In Memoriam
Arthur Cleveland Coxe







McDaniels, Joseph H.

In Memoriam

Arthur Cleveland Coxe

Printed for Friends

1915

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BEVERLY CHEW

THE following address was read in the presence of the students and Faculty of Hobart College and friends, twenty years after the untimely fate of the brilliant student whom it commemorates. The occasion was the presentation of his library and some remarkable specimens of his handiwork by his mother, Mrs. Ernest Cleveland Coxe. In attempting to evoke an image of this young genius, whose personal charm matched his gifts of intellect, it was natural to emphasize his devotion to the real business of the College, in contrast with the bizarre fashion of to-day, which in the most popular universities would shift the centre of activity to the club, the stadium and the football field, and which has lately reached its climax in the athlete eager for the triumphs of the stadium but philosophically cold to the defense of his country. Such philosophy would never have appealed to young Coxe. He had all the vigor and healthy instinct of youth for fields and sports and frolic, joined with that seething energy of mind, that æstrus of Genius which forbade him to waste a single golden moment.

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With his shaping hand and the fancies of his teeming brain, he caught the flying hour and made it fair. The acme of his accomplishments and the promise of an exuberant fulfilment are revealed in the specimen pages of the Eclogues which are offered in the present volume.

In view of such achievement, his monument should be—not a broken column—but a statue of immortal youth, glimmering in the moonlight of tender memory,—some enchanting figure such as Plato sketches,—a Charmides, or a Lysis, “standing among the other boys and youths, with a garland on his head, like a fair vision, not less worthy of praise for his goodness than for his beauty.”

J. H. McD.

IN a corner of the College Library a modest addition has lately been made which deserves special notice. It is a little monument of a student who twenty years ago in this College maintained the noblest traditions of scholarship, and who, being dead, yet speaketh. The alumnus who revisits the Library in his pilgrimage of Commencement Week, the true student who sometimes feels himself discouraged or solitary, will find here a small voice to cheer him in his labor—a voice that speaks from the heart of the College to guide and summon from false aims and deluding byways to the real sanctuary and its service. The nook seems haunted still by the gracious figure of the young Ion who once was an acolyte in the Temple of Learning.

The memorial consists of part of the little library collected by this student, who died in 1895, and of a most curious and instructive selection from what may fairly be called his own works of art—his researches in archæology and antiquities.

An alcove devoted to treatises on these subjects has long been dedicated to his memory.

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A brass plate in the College Chapel, inscribed by his classmates of the Class of 1897, briefly commemorates his fate:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE

AGE 19 AND

HENRY MAY

AGE 19

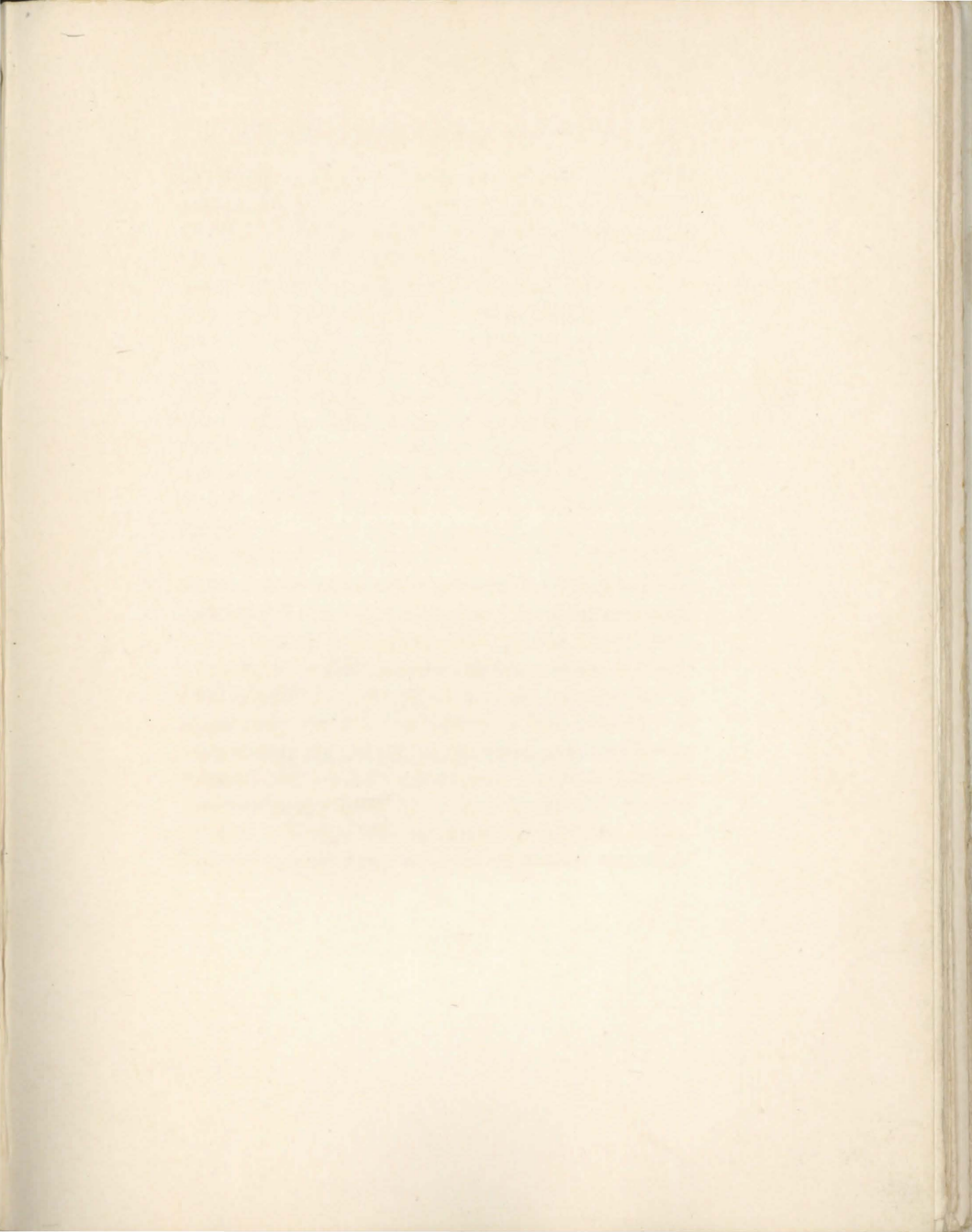
HONORED AND ESTEEMED FOR THEIR CHRISTIAN CHARACTER
LOST THEIR LIVES IN SENECA LAKE JULY 1895

+

"I WILL KEEP THEE
IN ALL PLACES WHITHER THOU GOEST"

—
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THEIR CLASSMATES THE CLASS OF 1897

The facts of the tragedy were these. The examinations of the Sophomore year were finished, and young May remained awhile to enjoy the society of his friend. They planned a voyage round Seneca Lake, and, rigging a little boat with a sail, stowed the necessary provisions and outfit for camping by night. It might take them a week or less,—they did not bind themselves to a fixed date, and they promised bulletins of their adventures, though not day by day. It would be easy to pack up and return





solsitium peiori defendite iam uenit aestas
torrida: iam læto turgent in palmitæ gemmæ,
T Hic focus et tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis
semper et ossidua postes fuligine nigri,
hic tantum potest curamus frigora quantum
aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia fluminis ripas.

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in a few hours, if the weather should turn out unfavorable. The weather was not in fact adverse, except that on July 5th a high and squally wind blew, such as raises a dangerous sea that may make mischief with small craft. The promised post-cards failed to appear, and enquiries were made. The boat was finally discovered careened on the east shore. Farmers and laborers on the hillside above Long Point then recalled that they had noticed a little boat tossing on the waves of the widest reach of the lake, though the sight did not greatly impress them; another remembered that, when he looked up from his digging after a short interval, the boat had disappeared. The spot where the young men sank was the deepest gulf of the lake, a region which does not give up its dead. Their bodies were never discovered. This, then, was the end of the camping expedition: so perished Arthur Cleveland Coxe and Henry May. It is needless to expand the details of the calamity,—the gay setting out in absolute confidence and fearlessness, the silence after a while, the growing anxiety and alarm, the final despair. The bolt shot from a blue sky. Other drownings had occurred in this treacherous

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water, but none had so deeply moved the College and the townspeople. The tragedy seemed complete, for each was the only son—the only child of a widow.

There is little doubt that if he had so chosen, or if he had been alone, young Coxe might have saved his life by swimming and clinging to the upturned boat. But *noblesse oblige*. He could not abandon his helpless comrade. He made the only decision conceivable to those who knew him, and deliberately shared May's fate. With that noble choice ends the brief arc of his life which we are permitted to see. The curtain falls upon an act which was consonant with his spirit and his career. To our eyes and senses, the beautiful and infinitely varied mechanism of that brain and dexterous hand ceased its work and vanished.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
Esse sinent.

Of all losses, apparently the most wasteful in this spendthrift universe, the most poignant, the most inexplicable, is this premature disappearance of an embodiment of youth and strength and beauty. It seems to deserve only a monu-

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ment of despair such as the Athenians placed over young men and maidens—a mourning siren who laments the fate of the early dead—vanished, like the spring out of the year, or “the Flowers of the Forest that are wedded away.” It looks like a beautiful experiment flung wantonly into chaos—an accusation against the wisdom and the method of Creation.

Yet, upon the cloud of despondency and doubt there shines a mystic gleam of divine premonition, a flash of spiritual exaltation, and of the “light that never was, on sea or land.” “If anything happens to me, mother,” he said shortly before his last voyage, “you must give my books to my dear George,” naming his closest friend; and again, “I have been so happy all my life that but for *you*, my mother, I should not mind its ending now.” Such sayings as these have a touch of prescience; they are strange meteors, not without the Will of Heaven, as even the pagan might phrase it. We must not forget them on this Memorial Day. The faithful heart has its own precious treasure, its abiding reward in the constant memory, the haunting presence of the beloved spirit that is truly loved. For such fidelity, the spirit of

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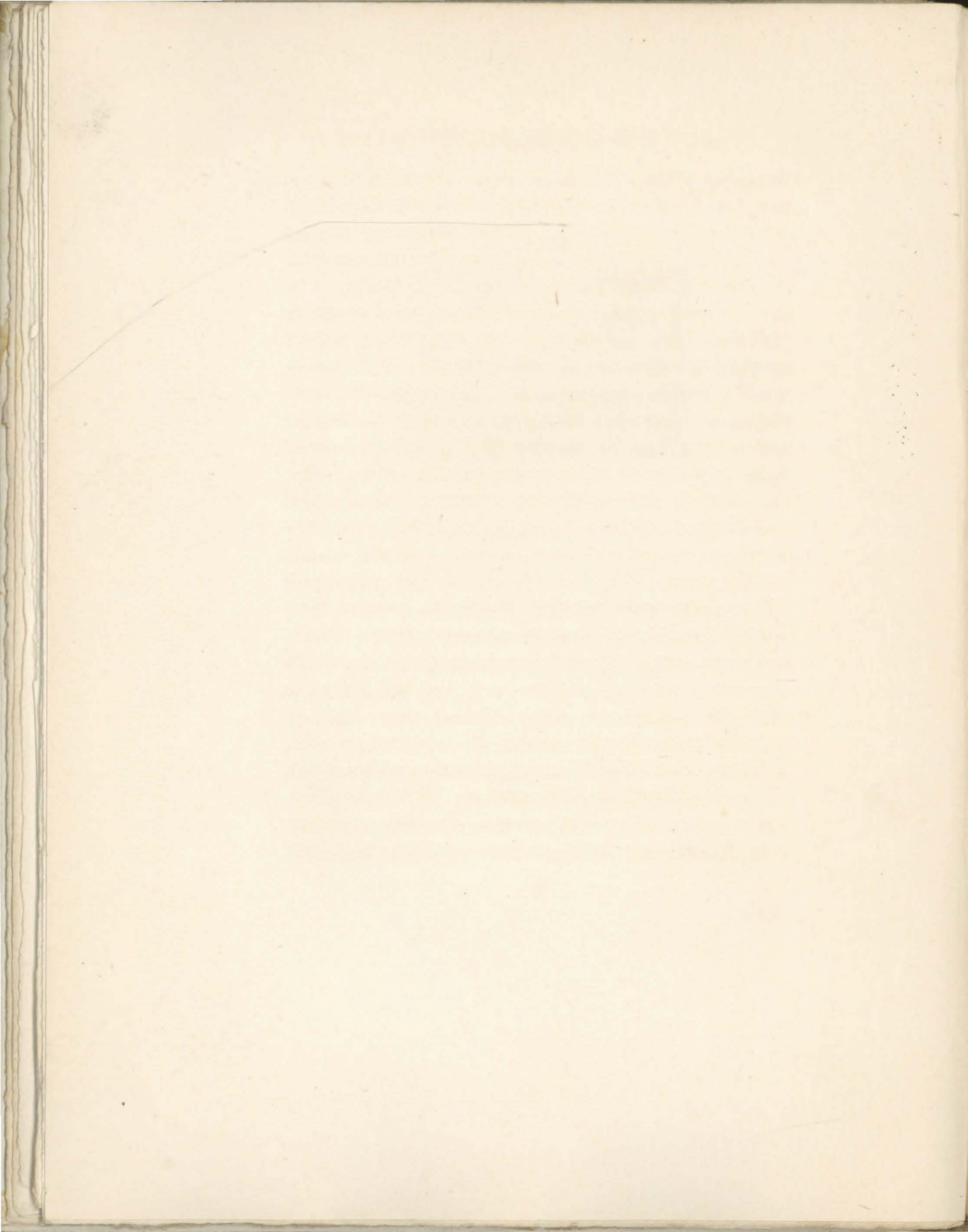
the dead is never departed. Our brooding memory evokes the aid and comfort of the benign presence, which awakens to the magic of undying love.

I am speaking now not as a preacher, but as one of those who knew him well and keenly felt his loss. As a teacher simply, I might recall the void left by one who was the ideal of a student—responsive where others were leaden, and straining at the leash while many another lagged behind. It is the rule that the teacher is expected to allure and inspire his pupils. The more reason, then, for this sketch of a light-winged Ariel, who hovered always in advance, drawing on and inspiring his instructors, and lightening the labor of the class-room.

The library of this young student will deserve most careful examination. It includes a wide range of classical literature and antiquities. Books were his treasure. He bound many of these with his own skilful hands and decorated them with his own designs and illuminations. Everywhere the pages are alive with his annotations. He had even compiled for himself albums of classical art in which he anticipated the labors of later works by Reinach and Clarac.



At mecum raucis, tua dum uestigia lustrō,
solesubardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.
Nonne fuit fatius, tristes Amacyllida iras,
atq̄ superba pati fastidia, nonne Tenalcan?
quamuis ille niger quamuis tu candidus
— esses?



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Statues, armor, musical instruments, architecture,—thousands of the *Realien* of archæology he had sketched and traced with untiring hands. In the labyrinth of classical antiquities he was his own guide and pioneer.

But besides this, he had made some studies in Hebrew, and a selection of Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions, carefully copied and translated. The characters in both languages are absolutely perfect, filling two whole volumes; and so far had he carried this Egyptian work, that he was invited by Admiral Macauley, who had already published two works (“Ideographs and Determinatives,” and an Egyptian Vocabulary), to assist him in a further volume which he was preparing for the press. In many of these little volumes his youthful exuberance would break out into nonsense verses, illustrated by amusing sketches, charming vignettes and head- and tail-pieces, or would bubble over into the antics of dwarfs and pygmies, or sprawling grotesque monsters, nightmare hobgoblins, with which his imagination teemed.

But his books and his reading all tended simply to feed his imagination. In his shaping mind every fact fell into its place. He was not

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satisfied until he had placed before his eye a picture, until he had built a city or plotted out a camp or a battle-field.

Poetry, literature, history, antiquities—all studies and facts and ideas—his imagination bodied into forms of life; it created or re-created. It worked both ways, whether in giving form and body and coherence to the isolated facts of history and antiquity; or, again, in spinning endless dates and histories of imaginary peoples, fighting and settling and wandering in the fanciful lands of an imaginary past. All these he saw with his mind's eye. He mapped their lands and chronicled their deeds. He applied to these fairy tales the curious minuteness and matter-of-factness of a Defoe. He created what his mind's eye saw. With equal facility he made a model of a Roman camp, or he worked out the plan of some Utopian city.

For this reason, and for their intrinsic beauty, there are preserved in the Library some of his models. An Indian camp is there with its tents, its warriors in costume, their weapons and implements and pottery, in delicate miniature which might delight a child or in-

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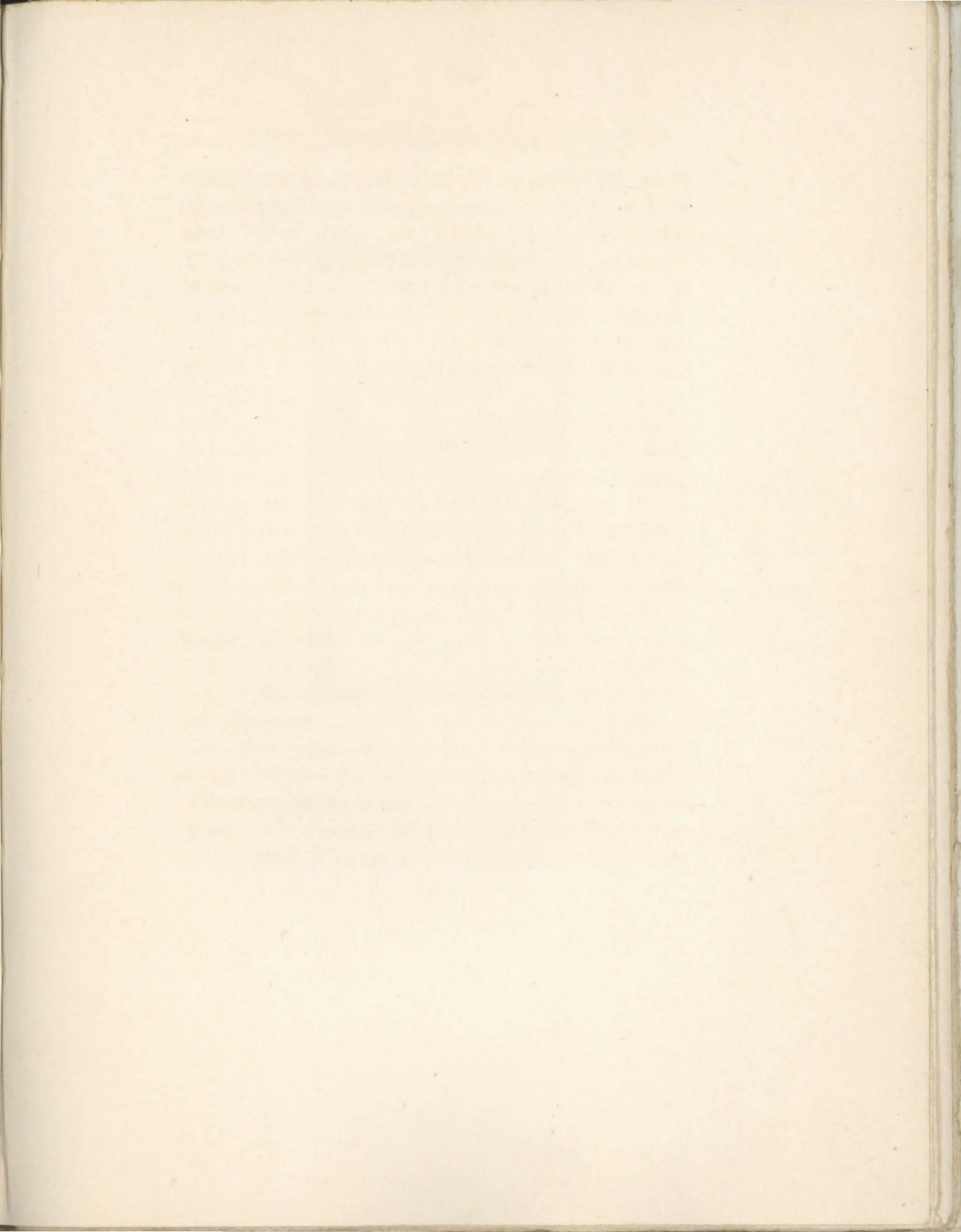
struct an amateur. Or, again, a mediæval town, with its residences, castles and towers, swarming with armed troops, their gear and armor accurately depicted from top to toe, and pouring through the streets and ready to embark on a fleet of old-fashioned galleons full-rigged, with minute detail of hull and sails, accurately represented. Another study is the reconstruction of an Egyptian city,—its fortified propylæa, its gateways guarded by a sphinx, obelisks, colonnades adorned with statues, a temple with friezes delicately colored, private dwellings finished to perfection, details of architecture and coloring accurately imitated,—the whole presented with such skill and beauty that it might be a lesson to the traveler on the Nile, and might satisfy the critical eye of the connoisseur and Egyptologist.

Yet these delightful reconstructions were not the painful efforts of a faithful, industrious student, but the recreations, the toys, of a fancy revelling in its own exuberant energy, as little conscious of effort as a humming-bird is of its poise and charm and beauty. The unerring hand was always lightly busy with the fancies of the teeming brain, which bubbled over into

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beautiful forms. It has been said of Genius that it is "protracted patience"—a most inadequate definition, unless we apply it to some features of the task of a Darwin, or the research of a Helmholtz, a Pasteur, or the Curies. But there is another and truer aspect of genius, which Herbert Spencer drew, doubtless from his own experience. "The Genius," he says, "is the man who achieves with ease what the generality could not accomplish at all." And that was the most characteristic feature of young Coxe's activity. He was never idle, never exhausted; his work was the *play* of the intellect; but the perfection and success of these forms, the perfection even of a hieroglyph or a Hebrew letter, was quite beyond the attainment of the ordinary hand and eye. His drawing of a cartouche, even, bore the inevitable stamp of Giotto's "O."

The most obvious bent of Coxe's talent was in the direction of Art; but Art was only his strongest mode of self-expression. His self-training and experience culminated in this mode of expression. It was the breath of his nostrils; he blossomed into it on every side. For example, when he fitted up for himself a little den or



PVBLII VERGILII &
MARONIS ECLOGÆ



A b Arcturo Coxedē errā Clivosā
transcriptæ ac imaginibus in-
-lustratæ

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sanctum for his books and his work, its walls held his favorite photographs and he contrived for it a frieze of great classic beauty, which, while it suggested reminiscences of classic models, was an original composition, and in no sense a copy or imitation. The most perfect record of his work in this direction—a work of extraordinary promise, unique in its design and execution—was an illustrated edition of the Eclogues of Virgil, which, bound in two small volumes, is at present one of the most precious treasures in the famous library of his uncle, Mr. Beverly Chew.

As he writes in his playful Latin preface addressed "To the Reader": "This manuscript you will find in no Library, however celebrated." Its lettering he ascribes to the sixteenth century. The title reads:

Publii Vergilii
Maronis Eclogae
Ab Arcturo Coxe de Terra Clivosa
transcriptae ac imaginibus in-
-lustratae

The dedication is to his uncle and revered instructor (magister) Francis Philip Nash, that accomplished professor without the inspiration

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of whose teaching and graceful culture and wide learning this particular *jeu d'esprit* would certainly not have been conceived.

The frontispiece represents a shepherd piping to his flock. The dedicatory page presents the figure of a monkish scribe at his desk in a library, turning the leaves of a manuscript, with the motto (borrowed from Professor Nash's book-plate):

γῆράσκω δ' αἰὲν καὶνὰ διδασκόμενος.

The illustrations are playful, sportive little grotesques, always with a light touch of grace and poetry. The landscapes are suggested by solid shades and masses of greens or browns or blues, endlessly varied by simple diversities of outline. Sometimes they hint at the contours of an Italian garden. The animals are real actors in these varied pastoral scenes, full of comic life, spirit and expression. The ominous raven, the vulture of Prometheus, Pasiphaë's bull, the absurd little creatures frisking to the pipes of Silenus—each is inspired by the whole spirit and meaning of the lines. It is impossible to convey any idea of the freakishness and exuberant variety of his fancy. The simplest outlines suffice

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to hint the poetry or humor of a scene. The men are fantastic little figures, yet full of expression; the animals are drawn as true to nature as he chooses for his purpose, playing their proper part in the farce or comedy. The scope of his art does not require him to observe exact relative proportions: the croaking raven or the vulture of Prometheus is enlarged to suit the *ethos* of the scene. All the details count. One might note especially his amusing Circe and the swine, Galatea and the apple, Arion among the dolphins under a very blue sky, and Daphnis with his team of tigers; or again, the perfect Italian character of his team of red bullocks, the hints of villas amid cypresses and stone-pines, or the domestic sketch of a fireplace warming two hands and a cat, with the slight furniture of a shepherd's crook.

How far this freakish humor matches the quality of the Idyls (Eclogues) is a question, on the whole, to be solved *ambulando*. In the region of most pastoral poetry there is something artificial and conventional. One might assume an Arcady *à la* Watteau, all prettiness and fancy, and of a *genre* unreal and somewhat monotonous. Young Coxe chose a legitimate

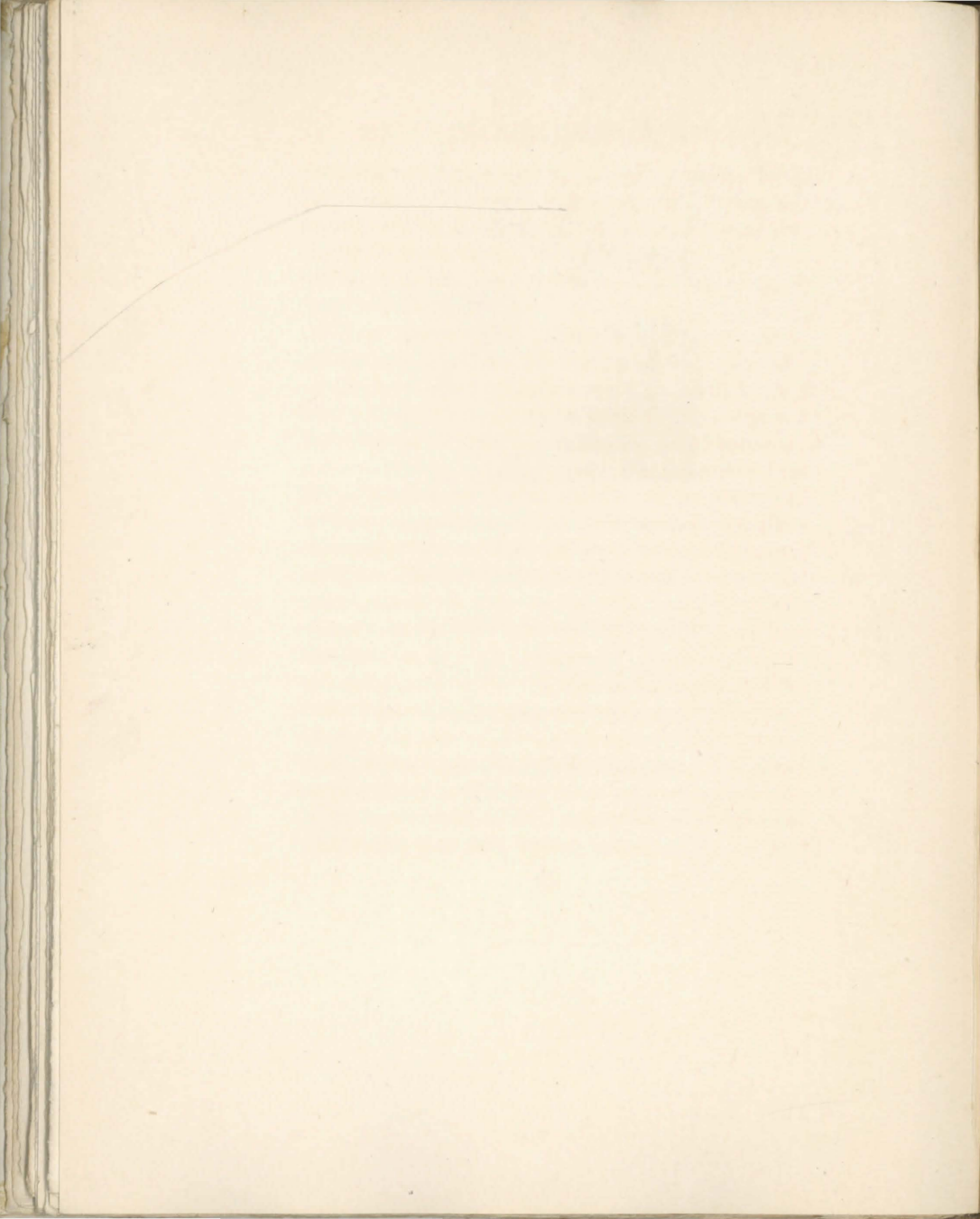
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variation on this method, redeemed by its delicate humor, its variety, its frequent touches of poetry. His humor never degenerates into the vulgar or farcical; it never oversteps the due limit. The illustrations are in genuine sympathy with the poetry.

The minute details are noteworthy for their perfect appreciation of the spirit of the Eclogues, of the antiquities and the soil from which they sprang. This understanding did not come by instinct; it arose from a thorough study of the language, and that penetration which only intimate familiarity can bestow. Such intimacy comes not by inspiration, but from study alone. It comes also, as many of us recall, from the influence and teaching of that rare spirit to whom the Idyls are dedicated. Few were the colleges in our country which possessed such a treasure as the late Professor Nash, without whose culture and learning it is certain that this particular work would never have come into being. He sowed the seed from which these blossoms sprang. To those who knew that distinguished embodiment of talents and refined and many-sided culture I need not dwell on this truth. But I emphasize the fact that the young



Caucasasq̄ refert uolucres furtumq̄ Promethei,
his adiungitq̄ lan nauatæ quofonte relictum
clamassent: ut litusq̄ lallala omnes onaret
et fortunatam sinumq̄ armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore iuueni
Ah uirgo infelix! quæ te dementia cepit?



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artist utilized his opportunities to the utmost. He might have given a score of reasons for neglecting them—his cleverness, his gifts, which would have helped him to soar instead of plodding. He, above all his mates, might have indulged that vein of lazy scorn which now and then crops out in our college world and its journals. Nothing of the sort: he was more dutiful than the dullest plodder; he was loyal to the spirit of intellectual life for which the college stood; he belonged to that life, he adorned and exemplified it.

But the object of this memorial is not only to enshrine the memory of a student who once haunted this Library and brightened these college walls. This little corner is indeed a shrine, where a flame still burns, and its silence may speak to the chosen few—"to those who *understand*," φωνάεντα συνετοῖσιν. One may still say of the college, "Many are they who bear the wand, but few are the chosen,—the initiated" (πολλοὶ μὲν varθηκοφόροι, παῦροι δέ τε μύσται); many who wear the badge of the college, who are on its lists, but few who follow its business, who know its spirit and live its life.

This small corner reveals the very heart and

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meaning of college work. Here are the reliques of one who led the Intellectual Life, who had the thirst for Wisdom. This is the true business of the college or the university, and this business he followed: *hoc egit*. The primary ideal of the university is not the comfort of the student, or his amusement, or even his happiness; it is not compassed by clubs, or social gatherings, or creature-comforts, or games; all these things may co-exist with it, may help the ideal or may hinder and obscure it; but all these accidents may co-exist with any other kind of life,—the man of business may enjoy them and the man who works with his hands. The heart of the university does not lie in the gymnasium, or the athletic field, nor in the club-room: these accidents again may be enjoyed by the man in the street or the shop or the factory. That secret essence was possessed by many a lonely Scotch student who went up from his plough or his sheep to Edinburgh or St. Andrews with a sack of oatmeal and a barrel of potatoes. It was won, I am happy to say, by certain of our own men whom I see in my mind's eye, who were lured from the shop or the farm by the vision of learning and the call of the spirit, who

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came here to "scorn delights and live laborious days," and who finally gained the prize of that calling and the power of that knowledge on which their hearts were fixed. Not that I would make such paths more thorny or more steep; but

*τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάρουθεν ἔθηκαν
ἀθάνατοι: μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐς αὐτὴν
καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον.*

The moral life, the social life, cannot be divorced from the university ideal; but that ideal must end in a Darwin, or a Helmholtz, or a Newton "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." Otherwise it perishes; it is rotten at the core while it blossoms into club-houses and athletic fields and stadiums and picnics. The university must begin with a group of able and distinguished instructors; it must emerge in a class of distinguished pupils. In that fellowship in the realm of intellect, a democracy is impossible; its facile aims and methods must not intrude. It is an order of knighthood bestowed by nature, and fostered by conscience and dutiful labor. Genius, latent mental power, is the mark of the brotherhood;

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its powers may be exercised for the service of mankind, but must never be subject to the otiose regulations of the generality of mankind. It begins by recognizing the principle of *inequality* among men; by recognizing merit, and degrees of merit. Its standards are measured by the stars, and not by the flicker of will-o'-the-wisps. It is a sphere in which the standards and principles of democracy have no place. The working world of intellect, whose workers pursue the Truth and Science, knows nothing of strikes and short days and amusements, which are the temporary rules of the world that labors with the hand.

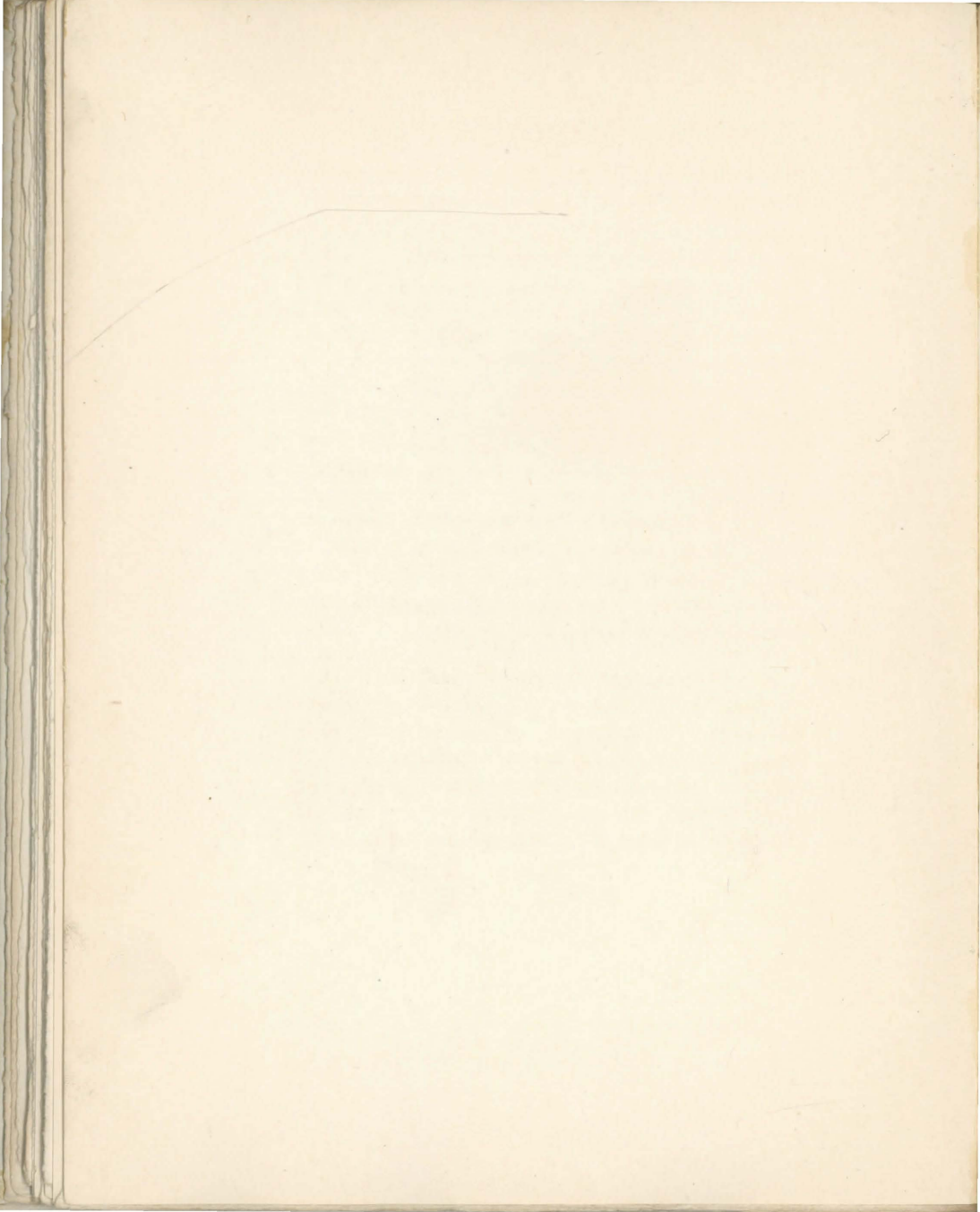
The spirit of a Newton, a Darwin, a Helmholtz, a Poincaré, has nothing to do with all these petty and temporary things. Like the explorer for the Pole, the votary of Science and the Humanities makes no stipulation for the day's work or the day's pay. He fixes his gaze toward the goal, and is piloted by the enduring stars. The salvation of the people is that the university which nurtures such souls should never *stoop*. It should maintain unswervingly its own ideals, its own standards. It should be hospitable to those alone who crave its life and



Aspice, antra iugo referunt suspensa iuuenti;
et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras;
me tamen vult amor.

Quis enim modus dedit amori?

Ah Corydon Corydon! quae te dementia cepit?
semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est!



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will accept its spirit and its rule. In this sense we may apply the great lines of Lucretius :

Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantes quaerere vitae,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore
Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.

Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
And thence look down—down on the purblind
herd
Seeking and never finding in the night

The road to peace—the peace that all might hold,
But yet is missed by young men and by old,
Lost in the strife for palaces and powers,
The axes, and the lictors, and the gold.

In this sense, too, this small niche, this little memorial of our young student, marks the heart and core—the *omphalos*—of college work and endeavor. In all the sweet amenities of the college world—in its friendships, in its sport, its diversions, in its infinite zest and frolic—he outdid his fellows, or he took his due share with

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the eagerness and gaiety of inexhaustible youth. The manner of his death was that noble and supreme sacrifice in which a man faces the pitiless blast, or the abysmal plunge, and boldly, without question, goes to meet his Maker, in the dark. But above all and most of all, he bequeaths to us in this priceless monument the memory and the tradition of the student's work and life—the quenchless thirst for knowledge, the pursuit of Art and Beauty, the unceasing quest of man's soul and intellect, the exploring of the mysteries of Science, the divination of the mind and purpose of the Creator.

The words that sum the aspirations of his brief life might be those of the noble hymn of the Poet-Laureate:

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earthborn joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

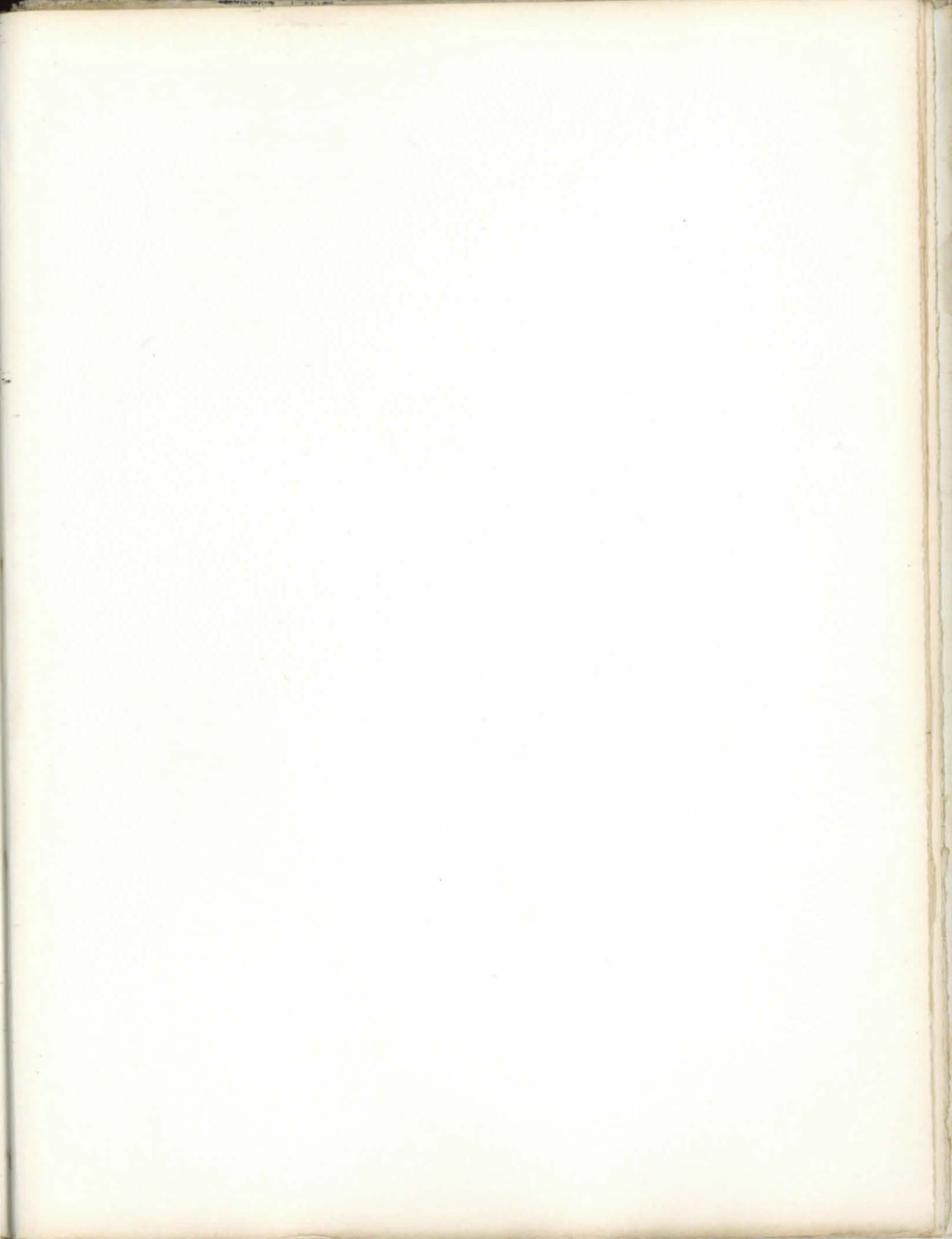
Through thousand ages hath thy childhood run;
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been;
From the forgotten night of loves foredone
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

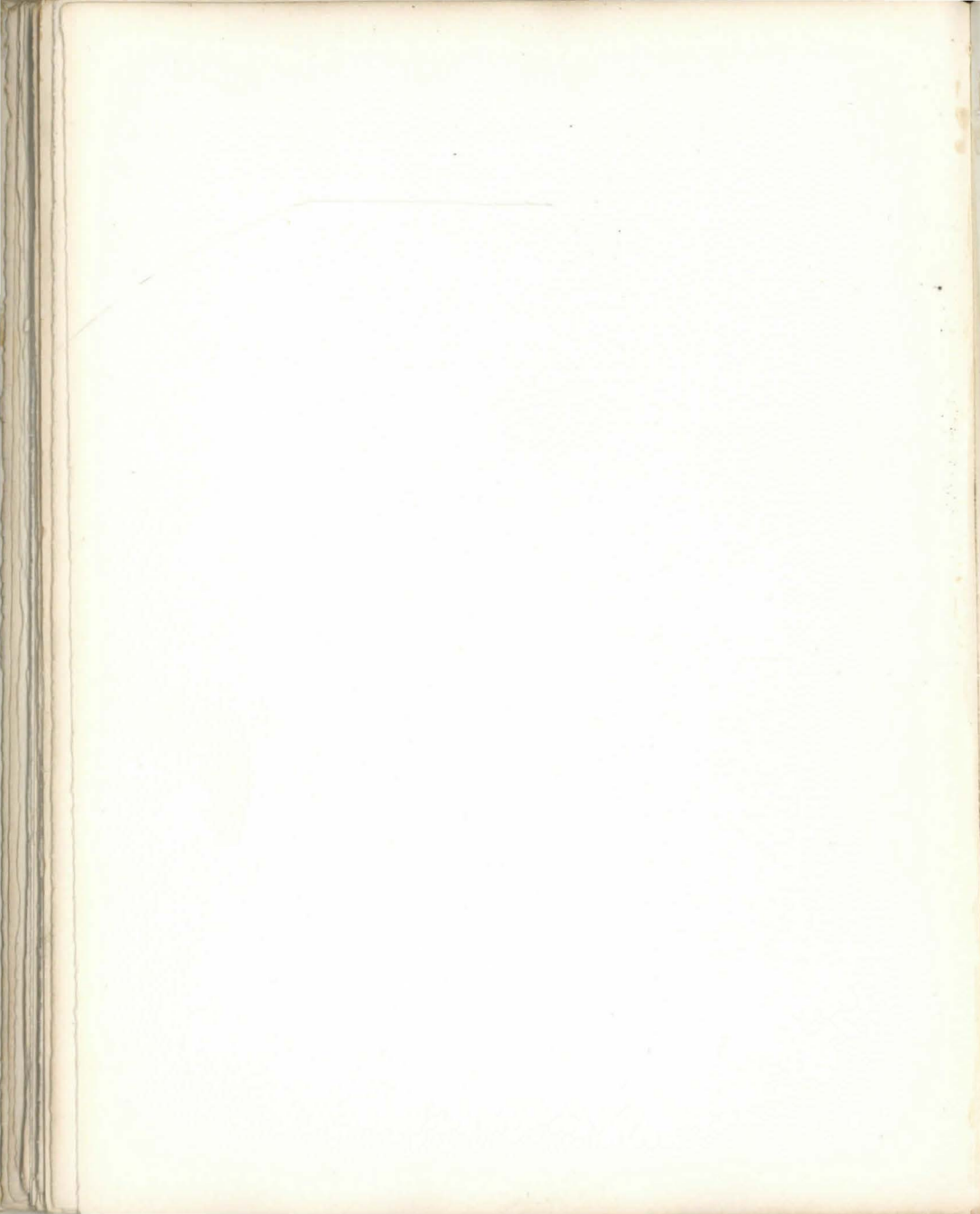
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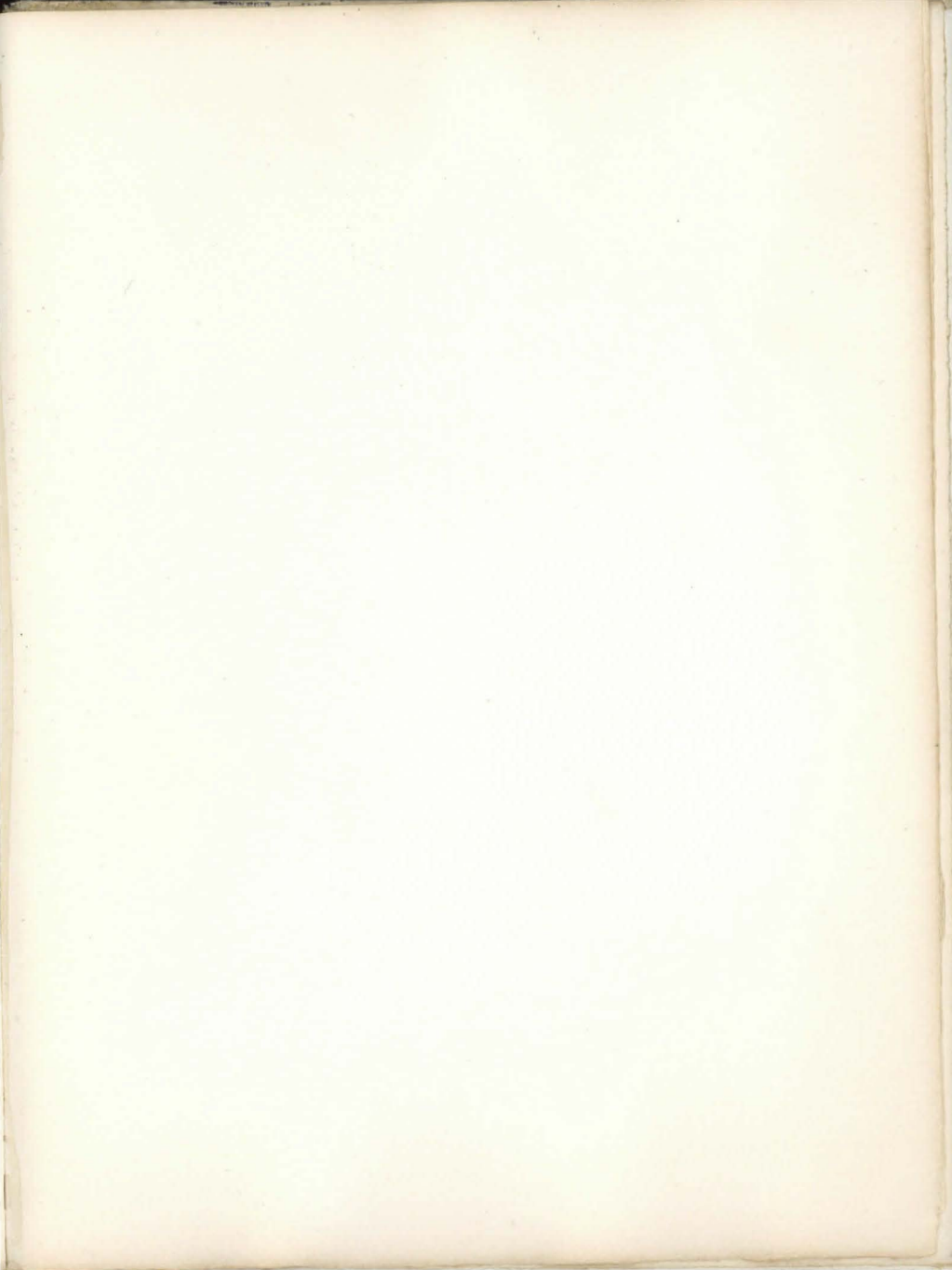
Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

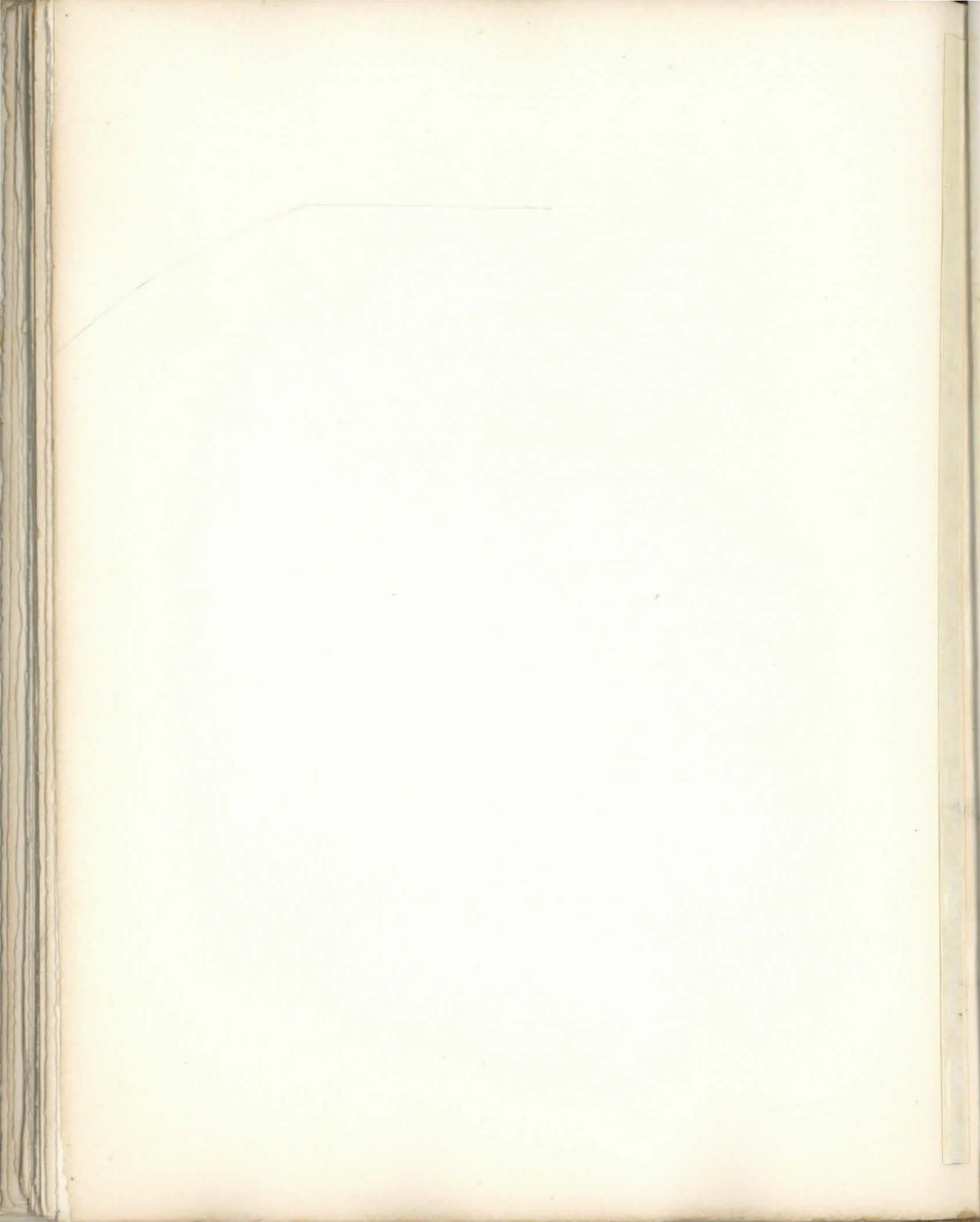
Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love;
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above,
From whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

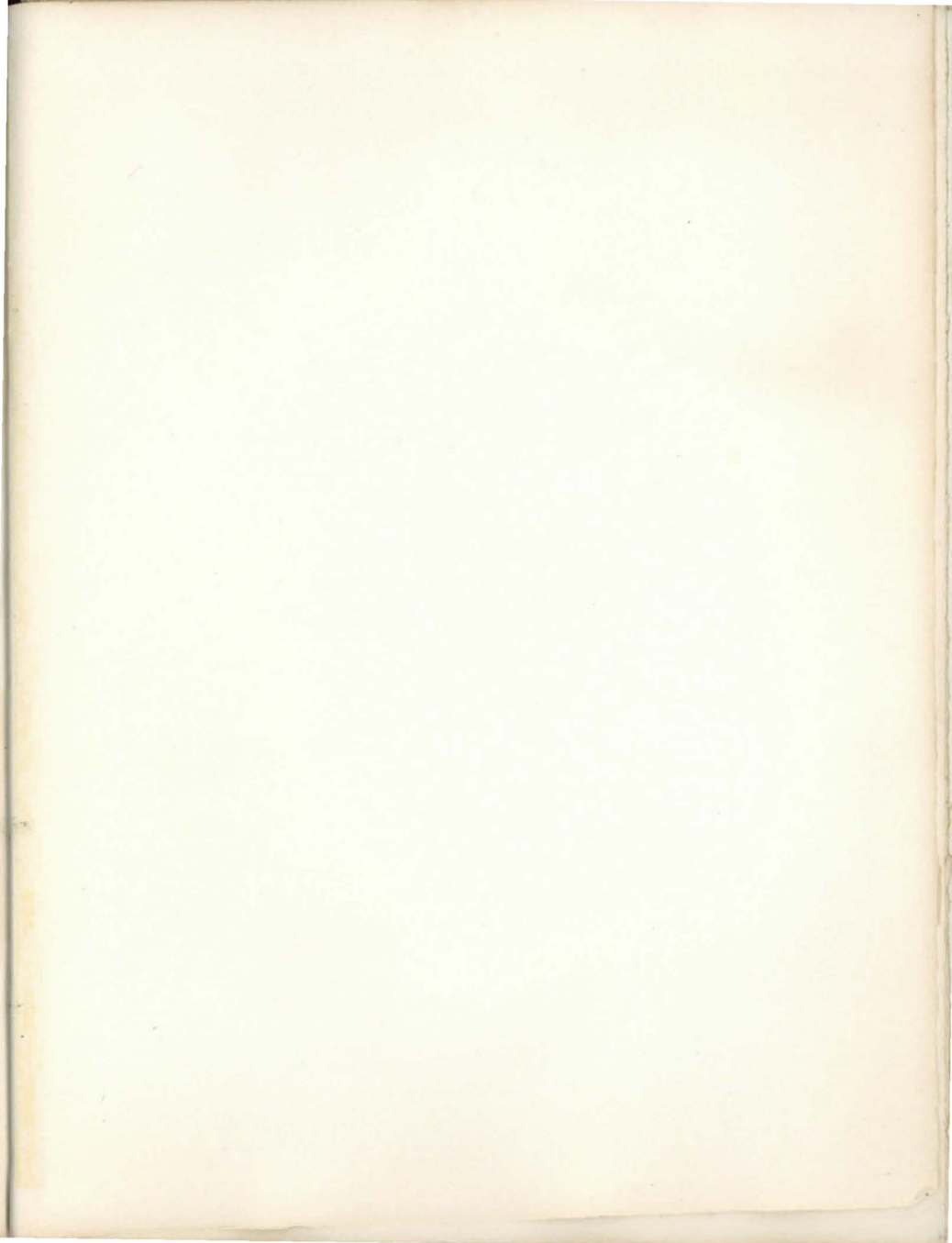












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